

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Give the Little Boys a Chance.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Here we are! don't leave us,
Just because we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
But we step by step advance;
All the world's before you spread—
Give the little boys a chance!

Never slight us in your play,
You were once as small as we;
We'll be big, like you, some day,
Then perhaps our power you'll see.
We will meet you, when we've grown,
With a brave and fearless glance;
Don't think all the world's your own—
Give the little boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that they must do;
Little lips will sing their song
When these early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small,
On our toes you needn't dance;
There is room enough for all—
Give the little boys a chance.

Allie's Kisses.

Like the restless, foamy billows
Moves the clothing of his bed,
As from off the tumbled pillows
Comes a frowzy little head.
Dimpled cheeks and blue eyes glowing,
Ruddy lips as sweet as hay;
All the laughing features showing
Mother's boy is full of play.

"Mamma, dress me," As he wishes,
Mother tries to dress the spry;
But the gift of countless kisses
Almost puts the work from sight.
"You'll not leave for papa any,"
"Yes, I shall, a hundred times!"
For, you see, I've got so many,
But my cheeks are stickin' out."

H. H. D.

The Boys' Holiday.

It was a warm day in June. Mrs. Barton had just seen Fred and Dick set off for school, and now she came back into the house. She looked pale and tired to-day, and no wonder, for she had been hard at work since daylight, and had a severe headache. When she was ready to wash the dishes, she found the fire had gone out, and there was nothing for her to do but build a new one. As soon as it was well started, she went into the parlor and began to sweep.

She had finished sweeping and was about to dust, when she heard Dick just outside.

"Hurrah! three cheers for a holiday! hip, hip, hurrah!" and the two boys burst into the house.

"Mother, mother, where's mother?" cried Fred, as they rushed into the parlor.

"O, mother, teacher's sick, and we're going to have a holiday. An't it jolly?"

Then, noticing his mother's pale face, he added:

"O, dear! I forgot about your headache, and now we've been making it worse by our noise. I'm so sorry!"

Mrs. Barton smiled faintly, and Fred continued:

"I'll tell you how we'll spend our holiday. You shall go up-stairs and lie down, and we'll finish here."

"My dear, you are very good and kind, but I couldn't think—"

Fred laughingly placed his hand over his mother's mouth.

"I couldn't think of letting you go on," he said, "you have no idea how much we can do."

And at last Mrs. Barton was fain to consent. Fred went up-stairs with her and beat up her pillows, closed the blinds, and left her with a kiss and an injunction to get all well.

Down stairs, Dick had drawn out the dish-pan and begun washing the dishes. Fred helped him, but when they had washed the knives they were sorely perplexed.

"The knives don't look so black when we use 'em," said Dick.

"I know it. I wonder what mother does to 'em."

"I know," cried Dick, suddenly; "she scours 'em. I saw her do it one day."

"So she does. I wonder where the scouring things are?"

After a good deal of search, they found them, and Fred began rubbing the knives while Dick looked on.

"Do let me do it," pleaded the little boy, after a while.

"O, you an't big enough," said the other, for, it must be confessed, Fred liked to do it very well himself.

Dick didn't say anything, but he looked a good deal, and Fred thought a minute and then said:

"Yes, you are, too, you can do it now," and he tied the big green apron around the little boy, so that his head looked like a very small apple on the top of a very large cabbage. Then when the knives and dishes were put away, Fred put on his potatoes to boil, and dusted the parlor as nicely as any girl could do it. Then it was time to set the table, and he peeled the potatoes and put them on a plate in the oven to keep hot until father came.

Fred cut the bread and brought the

butter from the cellar, and just as everything was ready father came in.

"Where is mother?"

"Up-stairs, lying down."

"Ah! Who got dinner?"

"We did."

"Ah! good boys. I hope you didn't trouble your mother. She had a headache this morning."

"No, she has been lying down all the morning."

But here the conversation was cut short by mamma herself, looking as fresh and pretty as possible in her clean dress.

She felt very much better—almost well, she said, and her good boys had done it all. Just before father went away, mamma whispered something to him at which he laughed and then added aloud, "I'll think of it."

After father was gone Fred and Dick went out to play in the yard behind the house. They hadn't been there more than half an hour when mamma called them. They didn't want to go very much, but they went very pleasantly, and whom do you think they found there? Why, little Charlie Brown and Willis Raymond and Harry Clayton. And such a nice time as they had! And when they were tired out with play, they went into the dining-room and had just the nicest little supper you ever saw. Then after that they had played one nice game of tag, and then the little boys went home.

Just as Fred and Dick were going to sleep, Dick nudged Fred and said:

"Wasn't it nice, Fred, helping mamma and having the party?"

"Yes," said Fred, "but 'twould have been nice without that."

"Yes, so it would," said Dick.

And I think so, too.—*Congregationalist.*

Jemima's Opera.

"Jemima Screw! Jemima Screw! Where in the world are you?"

"Coming, ma," and then softly,

"oh! dear, I thought I was going to have all this rainy day to myself. I wanted to finish Lily's and Flora's dresses, too, for the opera this afternoon. But I shall have to go down now, and you girls must sit still and study your lessons till I come back. Be good or I shall not let you go to the opera."

So saying Jemima settled her dolls in their chairs, gave them miniature spelling-books, and then proceeded to go down-stairs.

Mother Screw noted the sober face and lingering step. She understood their meaning very well. But she said, cheerily:

"Why, Jemima, did you think you were going to be up-stairs all day? You've been playing three good hours now. Still, I shouldn't have called you, child, only Pete brought me his overalls to mend. They are the only pair he has, so I had to sit right down and mend 'em."

Being an affectionate, good-natured little girl, Jemima had already recovered from the petulant fit. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, saying:

"Never mind, ma, I only wanted to finish Lily's and Flora's dresses. But they can wear their old ones to the opera. I guess they would rather do that than stay at home!"

"Bring 'em down to me, child, and I'll soon finish 'em. Then right after dinner Pete shall go for Bessie, and you can have a good long afternoon to play in."

"May we make as much noise as we please, ma? For we are going to play opera on the old spinnet, and there's to be a boating party besides."

"Oh, yes, provided you don't come through the ceiling! But, now hurry with the potatoes if you want dinner early."

Soon after the noon meal Bessie arrived, bright and merry. Then Mrs. Screw dispatched the children to the garret, loaded with doughnuts, apples, hickory-nuts and the completed dresses for the dolls.

They were to have just as good a time as they could, and make as much noise as they wanted to till they were tired.

Let me tell you what they did. First all the dolls were dressed in their best and placed in a row before the old spinnet. Then the little girls took their places at the aged instrument. Oh! such pounding, trilling, chasing each other's fingers up and down the keys, screaming, singing, laughing! It was opera, indeed.

Now there came an intermission, during which great inroads were made upon the refreshments. Having sufficiently refreshed themselves, the children dressed the dolls anew for the boating party. Into the cradle, which had rocked three generations of babies, tumbled the girls and their dolls. To and fro from one end of the garret to

the other they slid it. The rockers being short and worn very slippery during all these years of rocking, and the old oaken floor being also very slippery, it was a feat which the girls could easily accomplish. Mother Screw down-stairs was sorely tempted to ask for a respite, but she didn't. She only said, "Well, the afternoon can't last forever."

The boating was, however, at length brought to an end by Bessie, who unfortunately rocked a little too hard, and the entire sailing party was unceremoniously tumbled upon the floor. The girls laughingly picked themselves up, but as it was growing dark they did not care to play any longer. Instead they took seats in the west window, finished their apples and doughnuts, told stories, and said what they would like to have.

"Mima," said Bessie, "s'pose a fairy should come right to us now, and say she would grant our wishes, what should you wish for?"

"First I would ask for a pretty name, say Evelin Gray, Florence Percy, or May Somers. Then I would wish to live in the city, wear ruffled dresses and over-skirts with beautiful sashes every day, and have crimped hair and lovely blue ribbons to tie it with. It is your turn now, Bessie!"

"Well," the little girl replied, "I should wish that I might sit up in this old garret all day and have it just covered with story-books and doughnuts."

Now the shadows deepened. The little girls gradually grew quiet. They peered fearfully into nooks and crannies; listened and started at the squeaking and scraping of the rats and mice. Then as one bold rat raced over the spinnet keys, Bessie and Jemima made a rush for the stairs. Down they ran pell-mell into the kitchen with such a clatter and patter, that Mother Screw started up in affright, saying: "What on earth's after ye, children; rats, bats, cats, or the old cradle itself?" So ended Jemima's opera.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Snow-Storm.

Saturday morning, and just as busy as Saturday morning always is in the country. The farm house was full of life, and the sunbeams, coming in through the windows, danced over the farmer's wife and daughters, as they moved briskly around the green kitchen. Suddenly Effie, who had just been adorning the crust of an apple-pie by printing it all round the edge with the door-key exclaimed: "Where's Tommy? I haven't seen him for this last hour."

A search began, for Tommy, though but three years of age, when missing and searched for was generally found where so many boys are—in mischief. Effie hunted for him in the garret, and Mary looked for him in the cellar; his mother stood in the kitchen door and shouted, and his brother Ned climbed the tall cherry tree in the door yard and looked over the field for him; but all in vain.

"He's in some extra mischief this time," said Effie, as she opened the store-room door to get some sugar for the cake. And sure enough he was, and in the store-room too. With a saucer in his plump right hand, he was dipping flour from the open sack and casting it into the air, enveloping himself and everything else with a white covering.

Effie held up her hands and called to her mother: "Oh mother! mother! come here." Mother came and the rest came, and Tommy, with his hands behind him and his eyes cast down, mumbled out: "I only wanted a little 'now-torn'."

Mother was provoked, and the girls thought he should be punished, but the chickens enjoyed Tommy's snow-storm when Mary fed them the sweepings of the store-room at noon.—*Hearth and Home.*

A King with a Sweet Temper.

Whenever Louis XII. of France made his triumphal entry into a town that he had conquered, he wore a coat of mail with the device of a swarm of bees, and the motto, "They bear no sting." The natural sweetness of his disposition led him to treat his enemies when in his power with magnanimity. When L'Alviano, the General of the Venetian armies, was taken prisoner by the French troops, Louis acted toward him with his usual politeness, but the haughty General answered the King with insolence. At this unexpected abuse of his kindness, Louis simply ordered the General to the prisoners' quarters, and afterward turned to those around him, saying: "I have done well in sending Alviano away. I might have put myself in a passion with him, and should have greatly regretted doing so. I have conquered him; I should learn to conquer myself." Such gentleness shows true nobility.

BRIEF MENTION.

Iowa claims to have 26,000 spiritualists.

NINETY millions of people speak English.

TEXAS has a reported population of 1,050,000.

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, has 125,000 inhabitants.

A VERMONT bed-quilt contains 10,922 pieces.

ENGLAND spends \$64,000,000 a year for tobacco.

It costs but \$23,000,000 a year to run Mexico.

A HARTFORD company makes 5,000,000 eyelets a day.

In 1873 we gave \$9,957,454 to our universities in the United States.

UTAH TERRITORY is free from debt and has \$36,655.47 in the treasury.

St. Louis invested \$175,000 in the Louisville lottery and did not draw a cent.

The Russian nation is said to speak the most languages, and to speak them the best.

SEBASTIAN CADOT, the discoverer of Newfoundland, was born in Bristol, in 1477, and died in 1557.

A CHICAGO paper complains of the smoke nuisance, and says the city is becoming a second Pittsburgh.

GOV. PARKER has signed the Compulsory Education bill passed by the last Legislature of New Jersey.

The first periodical in North America was the *Boston News Letter*, which made its appearance in August, 1705.

In the Tower of London are preserved specimens of every variety of firearms, from their earliest introduction. The revolver is included in the gun assortment.

GEN. WASHINGTON's family Bible is advertised for sale. It is in three large quarto volumes, and the public are gravely informed that it was presented to Gen. Washington by the author.

In Sweden, out of 335,000 children of school age, only 9,131, or three per cent., are uneducated. Of the 7,500,000 voters in the United States, more than 1,000,000 cannot read the ballot they cast.

APOLLO BELVEDERE is an ancient marble statue of the most perfect execution, supposed by the Greek sculptor, Calamis, and is called from its being in the Belvedere Gallery of the Vatican in Rome.

The earlier English queens, in token of gratitude for some event, used to found a small hospital, or "spital," in the language of the time; which word, commemorating some establishment of the kind, is perpetuated in the names of squares, streets and localities, such as Spitalfields and others.

The new Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court wears an official robe manufactured from silk raised in Connecticut and presented to him by the Silk Association of that State, with the request that he wear it at his inauguration and thereafter. The Chief Justice, in accepting it, said it furnished the evidence of one of the greatest triumphs of American industry.

A COMPLAINT.

A California paper complains of the manner in which some people abuse the privilege of the mail. Naturalists forward in fragile boxes, lizards, tarantulas and other dangerous reptiles and insects. Sometimes the boxes are broken open during the transit, and the crawling creatures pervade the mail bags, to the annoyance of the clerks. Medicine bottles containing nauseous compounds are put into the mail, contrary, of course, to law. An amusing story is told in this connection; a fair Hibernian was desirous of sending a live fowl by mail, and elbowing her way to the clerk's window, put the bird under her very nose, and bade him tell her the postage on it to a town she mentioned. The clerk smilingly replied that the law did not permit live fowl to be transported by mail. The lady resented this intelligence with great indignation, but finally departed with the bird on her shoulder, declaring she would have the law on the post-master.

MEAT FOR DYSPETICS.

The London *Lancet* notes the experiments made by Dr. Marcy with a view of preparing meat so as to render it easy of digestion by weak stomachs. Hydrochloric acid and pepsin are the agents which the Doctor has employed, and the result of his application of them to animal food is a fluid holding in suspension a light, pulpy mass, that is so soft it can be swallowed unperceived, and yet contains all the nutritive qualities of solid meat. The experiment promises relief to the dyspeptic and other sufferers from diseases of nutritia.

WEAVING CARPET.

I am sitting in the sunshine,
Gathering up the sunny gleams,
And weaving them with tear-drops
Through the chainwork of my dreams.
I am making me a carpet
For the floor of coming years,
And the sunshine woven in it
Will engild the mist-dimmed tears.

I will sprinkle it with roses,
And the sunbeam shining through
Will drink up the drops of sorrow
They mistook for drops of dew.
When the roses grow all faded
And their fresh young beauty dies
The pale leaves will bid sweet fragrance
From their dead, crushed hearts arise.

Then I gather blushing roses,
Ere their hearts are filled with tears.
Weave them with the treasured sunshine
In the garnered wealth of years.
But sometime I'll treat a carpet
Made of clouds and stars above,
With the rainbow for its chainwork,
By the great All Master wove.

VARIETIES.

THE temperance movement on Long Island is entirely surrounded by water.

THE sentinel who did not sleep on his watch had left it at the pawnbroker's.

A CAROLINA paper tells of a horse-thief being captured "*flagrante delicto*."

THE man who tried to light his pipe with a billiard match, said he did it out of cue-riosity.

AN unfortunate head of a family who fell into a vat of hot water is said to have been pa-boiled.

GLAZIERS are the only persons who take pleasure in the thought that this is a world of pane.

A PROVIDENCE widower asked at a dry goods store for "black tripe" to hang on the door-bell.

A HOBOKEN editor, being challenged, sent word in reply, "When I want to die, I can shoot myself."

BOSTON has a female bill-poster, who is said to exhibit the usual ability of the sex in running up bills.

"I SAY," said a rough fellow to a fop with conspicuous bow legs, "I say, don't you have to have your pantaloons cut with a circular saw?"

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period recently: "She doesn't know enough, sir, to boil water."

AN old man in Kenosha, Wis., has ruined his health by sitting up in a cold room next to where his daughter and a young man were sparking.

"He is one of the few journalists who can put an enemy into his mouth without a fear of its stealing anything," is the roundabout way adopted by a Milwaukee editor to call a brother editor an idiot.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher, desirous of waking the dormant powers of a scholar, asked the question, "What are we taught by the historic incident of Jacob wrestling with the angel?" The cautious reply came, "Dunno, zactly, but s'pose 'twas to tell us that we mustn't rastle."

THE Rochester *Express* is responsible for this: "A married man hearing that the eating of certain kinds of animal food would aid the same tissues of the human body, as, for instance, calves' brains would nourish the eater's brains, or beef's liver the eater's liver, immediately gave strict orders to his family market that no more tongue of any kind be sold to his wife or mother-in-law."

WORTH REMEMBERING.

BENZINE and common clay will clean marble.

CASTOR oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

LEMOS juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

A DOSE of castor oil will aid you in removing pimples.

LEMOS juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands.

SPIRITS of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair very thoroughly.

LUNAR caustic, carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

POWDERED niter is good for removing freckles. Apply with a soft rag moistened with glycerine.

TO obviate offensive perspiration, wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

THE juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

A STRONG solution of carbolic acid and water poured into holes kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

THERE are 40,000 commercial travelers in the United States, and it costs over \$87,000,000 a year to keep them moving.